

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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VOL. V.

ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

NO. 49.

Boston, Lowell and Nashua
RAILROAD.

Middlesex Central Branch.

ON and after November 6th, 1876, trains will run as follows:—
LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass., at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 6.50, 7.50, 8.50, a. m.; 12.05, 4.00, 4.40, 5.35, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, a. m.; 12.05, 4.15, 4.52, 6.00, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, a. m.; 1.07, 4.24, 5.05, 6.25, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, a. m.; 1.25, 4.38, 5.20, 6.41, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR North Avenue at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, a. m.; 1.25, 4.44, 5.27, 6.48, p. m.
LEAVE Boston FOR Elm Street at 7.10, 8.10, a. m.; 12.05, 2.45, 4.30, 5.35, 6.25, 7.10, p. m. Return at 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, a. m.; 1.31, 4.46, 5.29, 6.51, p. m.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR NASHUA AND UPPER ROADS at 7.00, 8.00, a. m.; 12.00, m.; 2.30, 5.30, p. m.
LEAVE BOSTON FOR LOWELL at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, a. m.; 12.00, m.; 2.30, 5.30, 8.30, 10.00, p. m.
*Wednesdays one hour later.
WM. M. PARKER,
Nov. 25, 1876.—ly Superintendent.

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July 3—tf

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July 6—tf

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Our celebrated "EXCELSIOR" Overcoat, on the sale of which quality of goods our success has been unprecedented in the past two seasons, the same having sold rapidly at \$25 each. It is a fine Fur Beaver, manufactured from PURE AUSTRALIAN WOOL, will hold its color, and, from past experience, we can safely guarantee it for durability as EQUAL TO THE BEST FOREIGN MAKES, and that it will give satisfaction in every respect. We have made this EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICE WITH A VIEW TO INCREASE THE SALE OF THIS PARTICULAR STYLE, having purchased the ENTIRE CONTROL OF SAME.

Gentlemen will please ASK for the "EXCELSIOR" OVERCOAT when calling at OUR ESTABLISHMENT, it being SPECIALLY MADE UP FOR OUR RETAIL TRADE, handsomely bound with the BEST MOHAIR BRAID, cut long, and EQUAL, IN EVERY RESPECT, to a \$50 Custom Coat.

Philipps, Shuman & Co.,

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Dec. 2, 1876.—4w

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AND

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They have already finished, and in course of building,

HEAVY MARKET AND MANURE WAGONS,

SLEIGHS, FUNGS, &c.

JOHN HILL. 34—M CHARLES GOTT

Selected Poetry.

THANKSGIVING.

BY PHOEBE CART.

Oh men! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart;
Oh women! sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years, to-day, and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Fellow again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you went
When climbing up the summer hills;
In their green lap you sat content,
And softly leaned your head to rest,
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
Slightly trodden by your feet
When all you knew of life was good,
And all you dreamed of life was sweet;
And let fond memory lead you back
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs,
Drink from the mossy well once more,
Breathe the fragrance from the crowded mow,
With fresh, sweet clover running o'er,
And count the treasures at your feet
Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place
You see the father's revered head,
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been you stand
To-day, in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though, with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company;

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

—Lynn City Item.

Selected Story.

Congregational Singing.

She sang in the choir and he preached in the pulpit: that was the beginning of it. When she stood up and chanted, he thought that an angel had stepped down from heaven. He was speedily robbed of his delusion when he turned his head and looked at her: she had finished her part and was whispering with the tenor, while the bass and contralto repeated the solemn strain—yes, actually whispering and laughing behind her fan! He was not aware that he was still gazing fixedly till she colored and dropped her eyes upon her notes, and let the music bubble from her lips as if by inspiration. Once or twice again during the service Mr. Gildersleeve cast a glance toward the choir, and discovered the lovely soprano still whispering and laughing, writing on the fly-leaf of her hymn-book and passing it, or reading from the slips of paper which the others passed to her. He looked again while reciting the finest passage in his sermon—the tenor was offering a paper of sugar-plums, and the soprano was nothing loath!

Coming out of church, Mr. Gildersleeve said to one of his wardens: "We have excellent music. Pray what does the quartette cost the church?" Not that he cared particularly, but in order to open a conversation on the choir.

"Nothing—nothing whatever," returned the warden. "A voluntary choir—belong to the best families—best voices in town—great obligations—finest families—rich, influential, and all that."

Plainly the church could not discharge a voluntary choir drawn from the best families, and to which the congregation was under such a burden of obligation, even though said choir laughed and flirted and ate caramels to a surfeit. "The finest families ought to teach their children better manners," thought Mr. Gildersleeve. The following Sunday he had a nicely prepared sermon touching on the subject, evolved from the text, "For the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" but still Miss Sally Sunderland smiled, and whispered with the tenor, and wrote nonsense on her fan, and chanted as if Heaven sent. "What can they have to talk so much about?" wondered the Reverend Archy. Of course nobody took the sermon home, though Warden Wiseman—a widower of some months, who wore his Sunday clothes on week-days since Mrs. Wiseman's departure—said to the young clergyman:

"That was just the kind of sermon I like to hear; it hit off our tenor to a T. He's always making eyes at Miss Sally,

and leading her into temptation with his everlasting gum-drops. I don't blame the girl; but it isn't seemly, flirting on holy ground, we all know!" Warden Wiseman had his own eyes on Miss Sally, and didn't relish the tenor's sugar-coated interference.

"Congregational singing," said Mr. Gildersleeve, "is a form of worship that I have always had a heart. I should like to establish it here. Could we not dissolve the quartette gracefully?"

"Just so," said Mr. Wiseman, whose notion of grace was something heretical. But we all know that choirs are touchy; and the consequence was that on the next Sunday the singing seats were vacant, and Miss Sally, the soprano, sat silent in the family pew and listened to the congregational rendering of the chants, where Warden Wiseman led off, always a syllable or two in advance of the rest, and old Mrs. Crochet, who had sung in a choir at sixteen, quavered discordantly in her efforts to overtake the warden, or to drown her neighbor's voice in the attempt, and where the entire body of singers wrestled bravely with the high notes and broke down dismayed. Mr. Gildersleeve cast a glance into the Sunderland pew, and Miss Sally was smiling saucily. Going out of church he made haste to reach that young lady.

"Why did you not join us in our attempt this morning, Miss Sunderland?" he asked, quite pleasantly.

"Because I had been given to understand that my singing was not acceptable," loftily.

"Are you quite sincere, Miss Sunderland, in believing that your singing has not been acceptable? Doesn't your conscience tell you that your singing was all right, was fit for the angelic choir, but that your conduct—ahem. I beg pardon, I was about to speak too frankly, as you might think."

"My conduct, Mr. Gildersleeve," said Miss Sally, "is a private affair, subject to no one's dictation!"

"Excuse me if I say that you have made it quite public!" Mr. Gildersleeve was beginning to feel nettled; this pretty piece of temper held neither him nor his cloth in much reverence or regard, certainly. "I do not presume to dictate," he pursued, "but let me ask you, in all friendliness, if you think the house of prayer a suitable place for trifling and flirtation?"

"Mr. Gildersleeve," said Sally, "nobody ever dared speak so to me in all my life! Our dear old rector, Mr. Tabernacle, used to kiss my hand when we met, and thank me for sitting in the choir, and say that it did his old eyes good to see me there! I wish he were alive!"

Mr. Gildersleeve smiled. Who knows but he would have liked to follow the example of Mr. Tabernacle? But he said, instead: "I am afraid that Mr. Tabernacle was both blind and deaf," which had a much more ungracious sound in the ears of a pretty woman than he intended.

Miss Sunderland rewarded him by opening her fine eyes very wide, and looking as if he were the first specimen of his kind that had ever come within her ken. "You have taught me, Mr. Gildersleeve," said she, "that your religion is not inconsistent with rudeness. I wish you good-morning!" and she swept past him, shaking out an odor of sandal-wood from her silken fallals, and left him standing crest-fallen and astonished in the pathway.

What pained Mr. Gildersleeve more than any thing was the simple fact that Miss Sunderland was not in her pew on the following Sunday; in truth, it seemed to him as if the church were quite empty without her. He hoped that at the last moment, just before the organist should cease his voluntary, she would come softly stepping up the broad aisle in her India muslins and rose-colors; but not she. He could not prevent his mind from wandering away from the text now and again—for the man was mortal, like the rest of us—nor help hoping that she might be absent from town, or a trifle under the weather: any thing rather than that his foolish words should be capable of driving a young soul from the mercy-seat, from all the holy influences that to his mind resided in the service and ritual, turning the earthly eyes heavenward; from the inspiring presence of invisible saints, apostles, martyrs, and all the heavenly host. He felt disheartened when the day was ended. He had come to Egglethorpe with all his spiritual enthusiasm kindling for the work before him, and here his most deliberate

act had resulted in shutting out this sweet woman from the ministrations of the temple! He made it his business to call up at Sunderland Hall that week and try to remedy his mistake. He found Miss Sally at the piano, the room still echoing with her voice; but she left it directly, in spite of his earnest request that she should proceed with the passage from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. "I came," he said, presently, "to make sure that no one was ill at the Hall. Not seeing any of the family at church, I had fears."

"You are very good to trouble yourself so far about your neighbors' souls," frigidly, as if she had said, "You are the most meddling man alive!"

"Nay, but that is the duty I have made my choice and my pleasure," he said.

"I will call grandmamma," she interposed. And presently the quaint little old lady came hobbling down stairs on her cane. But Miss Sally failed to return.

Mr. Gildersleeve went home with a heavy heart. He had meant to do so much good in his parish—to battle so bravely with wrong, to restore harmony and good-will toward men; while here he was creating discord and ill feeling with every word, and perhaps becoming the means of closing heaven against the girl whose welfare—spiritually, let us hope—had suddenly become dearer to him than his own!

Old Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Sally, and Mr. Tom, a rather fast young man, were all that was left of the family at the Hall. Perhaps, if there had been a father or mother, Mr. Gildersleeve would have felt himself relieved of responsibility in a manner; but when Sunday after Sunday went by and no Miss Sally illuminated the great empty pew, he began to feel as if he had indeed mistaken his calling, especially when it came to his ears that she had given up her class in Sunday-school and resigned her situation as treasurer of the Dakota League, and even went picnicking with Tom on Sunday afternoons, and played rollicking airs Sunday evenings for the amusement of his companions!

Mr. Gildersleeve was at his wit's end; but he was determined to make one desperate effort, and solicit Miss Sunderland to join his confirmation class.

Whenever he called at the Hall she was sure to be out or engaged; therefore he wrote her a note, tender as a mother's, eloquent as a lover's, begging her, for her son's sake and for her own peace of mind to come forward and forget injuries in remembering the love that passeth understanding.

"Tell Mr. Gildersleeve," said Miss Sally to his messenger, "that this is my answer;" and she held his letter in the gas flames till it shriveled and dropped.

The surprised messenger reported her faithfully. Mr. Gildersleeve was in despair, particularly as he overheard his landlady saying, after he had exchanged one Sunday, "Miss Sally Sunderland was to church yesterday, sure's you're a sinner: what's going to happen? I didn't think she was going to meddle with religion, never no more; they ain't got no religion to spare at the Hall, no way, and it does seem as though Mr. Gildersleeve oughter exert himself and bring 'em under some sort of conviction, if he knew his duty!"

Mr. Gildersleeve groaned in spirit! Wasn't that the very result toward which he had bent his best energies? and how miserably had he failed! It seemed as if his mere presence in Egglethorpe hindered her spiritual advancement, that under the hand of another pastor she might grow in grace, and blossom into all Christian virtues. It began to appear plain to him that he had not been called to help her on the way, to make her election sure; that not into his hands had been committed the precious task of opening heaven to her—he was not worthy of such blessedness! However painful it was to him, he would seek another field; it should never be said of him that he had willfully hindered a soul from heaven—and her soul!

He sent in his resignation. A parish meeting was called, and they quarreled and expostulated, and finally notified Mr. Gildersleeve that they should not fill the pulpit for three months, at the end of which time it would be at his option either to resume his duties or not, as the spirit moved. He thanked them, and took the noon train for the city. Within ten miles of Egglethorpe two trains collided, and when Miss Sally Sunderland dashed up to the railway track on her horse, Scamper, in a

mad gallop through the woods—she could not have told whither—she came full and suddenly upon the ghastly melee. She threw up her arms at the sight, and grew hot and cold by turns; two men were bringing a mangled human being toward a rude ambulance which they had constructed; the face, amidst all its bruises, was terribly familiar to Miss Sunderland. She never knew when or how she alighted from Scamper. She did not hear him galloping home bare-back, to frighten Mr. Tom out of his wits; she heard only the stifled groans that came from the livid lips of the mangled man before her, with whom she had dared to trifle but a while ago, as she tore up portions of her clothing, and helped strangers to bandage his wounds, and dropped hot tears over him and repentant sobs, and cried out in her agony that she had driven him away, that she had killed him, and begged him to hear her sing to him once again, and to open his eyes and live for her sake, forgetful and careless of the presence of by-standers. And when, at length, Mr. Gildersleeve did open his eyes, it was to meet the tear-bedimmed face of Miss Sally bent above him, all its dimples at rest, all its brilliant color faded, all its cruel disdain swallowed up in bitter anguish.

"You have forgiven me," he whispered, feebly, "you have forgiven me! Thank God, I shall not hinder you any longer. I was going away because I seemed to be keeping you from Him—and because—I believe—I loved you!"

"How could you love me! Such a dreadful girl! I thought you detested me, and I—I—you know I loved you, all the while!"

"Then sing to me, dear," he asked; and Miss Sally's heart consented, her countenance beamed, her lips parted and palpitated, but no melody flowed forth, alas! Just as some gray from terror in a single night, so in a single day she had lost the power to sing. The neighbors called it a visitation of Providence; the doctors gave it another name. The pulpit of Egglethorpe was vacant for twelve months and better, and when Mr. Gildersleeve at last returned to it, he walked with two crutches, and Mrs. Gildersleeve again sat silent through the congregational singing!

WOMAN'S TACT.—Man relies far more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tact and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so carefully exercised, that he enjoys their effect as he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; may complain of intrusion and interference; but the frown is swept away by a gentle hand, and the murmuring lips stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.

An unwholesome odor can be removed from a room by burning what is in it sugar or ground coffee.

A good many irritable men have been looking round after the individual who asserted that "figures won't lie."

That torch may be saved to throw at cats, says the New York Herald,—in which case they will be likely to catch it.

The revival season is having its effect. M. Quad, of Detroit, wants the ten commandments printed on the ends of postal cards.

The postmaster at Chandlersville, West Va., has a mouse that sings in imitation of a canary, sometimes for a half hour at a time. Next!

Spriggins says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there until the dog had gone away.

Three families in Whitney county, Ky., have only 76 children. In one of them there are 24 full brothers and sisters.

A French chemist has discovered an ingenious method of compelling the tree to color itself, by absorbing certain coloring substances.

It is related that four years ago the rents of Mr. Edward Matthews, of New York, whose failure has been announced, amounted to \$800,000 per annum.

Arlington Advocate

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C. S. PARKER, Editor,
and Agent for the

Arlington Press Association.

OFFICE,
Dodge's Building, opp. the Depot,
ARLINGTON AVENUE.

ARLINGTON, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

ADVERTISING RATES:—Reading notices, 25 cts a line; Special notices, 15 cts a line; Religious notices, 10 cts a line; Ordinary advertisements, 8 cts a line.
Subscription, \$1.50 a year, payable in advance.
Single copies, 4 cents.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

When once the habit of gross indulgence in strong drink is acquired, there is no one who can cure it except the victim himself, "with the help of Almighty God." The papers of the country teem with advertisements of those who profess to cure drunkenness, and many of the ablest minds in this and other lands are investigating the question—"can drunkenness be cured?" We believe there is no drug in the pharmacopoeia that of itself can cure the victim, though there may be drugs which can mitigate the effects of indulgence, help to restore tone to the system after a debauch, and strengthen the shattered nerves. But they must be regarded altogether as a means of recovering from the physical damage of the habit of drinking, and enabling the drunkard to sustain himself temporarily without the aid of alcoholic stimulants. The great remedy is the will. When this can be aroused to its proper action, the main part is accomplished.

There are undoubtedly men to whom drinking has become a chronic mania—whose will power is shattered beyond repair, but they are few, and will not long be a curse to themselves and a burden to others. With the vast majority it is not too late, and we wish once more to sound a note of warning, and again urge all to exercise their will power while they may; for the man may be said to be on the high road to becoming such a drunkard who, in otherwise ordinarily good health, feels the need of the support of stimulants to keep the physical machine in running order. If he regularly experiences a sense of "goneness" in the morning, a nervous prostration and lassitude which is not overcome until he has had a cocktail or two before breakfast, he is an incipient drunkard, if he is not one already, out and out. He has got so far that he drinks, not for the pleasure of the beverage, but because it is a necessity to him. Then the serpent has him in its folds, and he is gone, unless he at once and peremptorily refuses to drink altogether.

We hope that of all who read these lines there are none who may not give up the habit—it may take some time—it will cause much pain—it may lay the man on a bed of sickness,—by the exercise of the will. The heated waters, and the tonics of iron, hops and pepper, in mild tinctures, so often prescribed, may be used to help along; but nothing can supply the place of signing and keeping the pledge.

THE BUSINESS FUTURE.

We have such fixed faith in the good sense, the patience, patriotism and love of justice in the great body of the American people, we do not share in the anticipations of serious trouble, growing out of the political complications. The worst result has already occurred, in our judgement, in the shade of distrust and fear which the excitement cast upon the slowly reviving confidence that was beginning to affect favorably all our business interests. It may, by checking trade and enterprise at a critical point in the autumn, make the recovery more slow. Whether this shall prove true or not, the advice as to the future, given by the editor of *Seiber's Monthly*, is none the less timely. "We have," says Dr. Holland, "begun to be economical. Let us continue so. Let us build smaller houses; let us furnish them more modestly; let us live less luxuriously: let us tune all our personal and social life to a lower key. We have bravely begun reform in public and corporate affairs. Let us continue this and vigilantly see to it that our trusts are placed in competent and honest hands. We are committed to a reform in the civil service,—a reform which will extinguish the trade of politics that has done so much to debauch and impoverish the country. Let us see to it that this reform is thoroughly effected. Our cobbler-houses have tumbled about our ears; let us not rebuild them. Our long credits and our depreciated currency have wrought incalculable evils; let us not continue them. Let us cease to deal in paper lies, and pay in gold our honest debts. Above all, let us be content with modest gains, cease trying to win wealth in a day, and get something out of life besides everlasting work and worry. Fully one-half of our wants are artificial, and these terrible struggles for money are mainly for the supply of wants that we have created."

DANCE.—Next Tuesday evening the Wm Penn House Co. will have a private dance in their hall. Dunbar's Band will furnish the music.

The subject of the sermon, at the Universalist church, Sunday morning, will be "The Union of the churches."

THE TEST OF MERIT.

The consequence of an individual is sometimes measured by his self-esteem or assumption, and many very consequential people are called such apparently because no consequences at all come from them. We attach consequence justly only to those whose character and conduct have important results, and therefore we are entitled to consequence as a people according to the results that are likely to flow from our ideas and works. We allow that a king has consequence because he has position and power, and all that he says and does has very significant results. It is not only the thing said or done that is important, but the position from which, and the people to whom it is said or done. And as we all live in social fellowship more or less extended, we measure our consequence by the quantity and quality of influence that we exert. This consequence is sometimes both personal and impersonal, as in the case of the pilot, who is more important than any other man, not only because he knows the soundings and the coast, but because he stands at the helm, and turns the ship and all on board by his hand. It is useless to deny that, as Americans, we have consequence by our position as masters of this New World, and ought to confirm by our ideas and labors the promise of our position. It is well for us to unite both elements in our schemes of influence, and develop our resources in the providential channels opened for by the Lord of Ages. The highest law of conquest is growth, not mere diffusion; and as we grow from the organic root we shall spread and rise in true dignity and power. We measure health not by the bulk of what we eat, but by the perfection in which we assimilate it, and renew the exhausted forces and members of our body; and every novice knows that bloated corpulence is not vigor, but disease. The health of a nation depends upon the amount of territory and people assimilated by its vital ideas and powers. Evidently, then, our social consequence is to be measured by the same principle, and the better we comprehend and apply the organic laws and usages that have made us a nation, the greater our promise of influence both in America and Europe. At home, we are strong by submitting individual willfulness to the order of free and effective institutions, and distributing power in due degree, so as to unite the people in towns, the towns in States, and the States in the Confederacy, thus guaranteeing local liberty and central law. Abroad, we are strong by appearing in our solid citizenship and personal independence, presenting a great organic power to Europe, alike encouraging to free principles and adverse to tyranny. Each man confirms his personal dignity by uniting in himself the largeness and the order of the nation, and cherishing free affinities with all men, while he speaks his own mind and does his own work with all energy and self-reliance.

The more thoroughly the citizen identifies himself with the great forces of law, liberty, education, industry, faith, that are working out our mighty future, the more thoroughly he incorporates himself into the body of humanity, and its growth is his growth, and its coronation is his honor.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The weather on Thursday was all that could be desired. Our streets were almost deserted, and it was evident that every one who could was devoting the day to the quiet pleasures which hover about the home circle on such festal occasions. In the forenoon there was a union service, at the Orthodox church, of that society and the other evangelical societies in town. Rev. C. H. Spalding, of the Baptist church, preaching the sermon. His text was "And they did all eat, and were filled." Mark 5:42. Subject, "Bread is King."

The Unitarian and Universalist societies united in a service at the house of the former, and Rev. W. F. Potter, pastor of the Universalist church, delivered the sermon, taking as his subject, "Reasons for Thanksgiving in Hard Times." His text was "Then he said unto them, go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared, for this day is holy unto our Lord. Neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Neh. 8:10.

There was a very good attendance at both churches. In the forenoon a company of young men, engaged in a game of "Hare and Hounds," and had a run of some miles in the clear, bracing air. Quite a company assembled in front of the Unitarian church to see the start, which took place at 9 o'clock, the "hare" being allowed fifteen minutes' start.

There was quite good skating on some of the small ponds, which the boys improved with hearty relish. There were some duckings, of course, but no serious accidents occurred. During the day the air was chilly and raw, and towards night the mercury sank rapidly, and the night was very cold. On Friday morning the thermometer indicated 8° above zero in many places, and in some localities it was even lower.

The social dancing party at Bedford Hotel, Thanksgiving night, was a very successful and pleasant affair.

SECTIONAL INTERFERENCE.

Our country, in its institutions as well as in its soil, is a great Providential fact, and we make a sad mistake when we consider it as wholly flexible beneath the shaping hand of personal opinion. If we were thirty-eight allied tribes instead of so many confederated States we could more readily understand the complex and stubborn elements of our organization. We ought surely, then, to be wise enough to see the truth now, and shun the folly of undertaking to think for communities as free as we are, and quite as much bent upon following their own convictions. The tendency to deprive others of their rightful jurisdiction, and to legislate for them as far as votes can possibly do it, comes from a habit of mind that is full of force and full also of dangers. It comes from the doctrine that the State, or nation, or community, is only an aggregation of individuals, and thus the only criterion is the majority of individual opinions. Accordingly the State is nothing, and has neither body nor soul to give it unity, and the many can not be one except in the aggregation of voices. This doctrine may keep men on the alert, and quicken discussion; but it can not create nor conserve the best forms of social polity, and it has not been held by the master builders of our fabric. The founders of our Constitution did not create our Government out of their own theories and opinions, but they embodied the rights and usages of the people under the old colonies, and the nation was thence defined not merely by the figures of the census, but the consolidated and continuous life contained in its laws and organization. This life made us more than we made it, and the abortive attempts that have so often been put forth to create new institutions by mere vote without root in the life of the community, ought to teach us the folly of our too prevailing dogmatism, and the wisdom of leaving men more to themselves and their institutions. It is not always easy to set down in writing the vital Constitution of a State or nation; for there is a great deal of unwritten law that is as powerful and authoritative as any upon the statute book; yet we are not long in finding out when the common instincts of a people are outraged, and it is altogether idle to expect by metaphysics or rhetoric to change their character or institutions.

These thoughts have been suggested by the spectacle of scores of prominent men, of both political parties, rushing from the north to the doubtful states in the south, to either dictate to or establish presidents for the legally constituted authorities in those states, who are to count the notes for President and determine the result. Some of them have gone at request of those high in authority, and others puffed up with their own consequence. We have tried to imagine how such an interference with our affairs by public men in the South, would suit the people of the Old Bay State.

RAIN FALL.—Although frequent and copious rains made the month of November and exceptionally wet and disagreeable one, their was none too much for the requirements of the ground. At the beginning of the month the ponds and streams in this section were lower than had been known for years, and a large portion of the wells in high and dry sections of the town were either very low or entirely dry. All fears of a drouth are now removed, and so far as the water supply is concerned, the ground can freeze as soon as it pleases. The total rain fall for November was 64 inches.

BROKEN LEG.—Mr. John B. Hartwell had with him, on Thanksgiving day, at his residence on Central street, a family gathering. In the afternoon all the grand-children went out to play in the yard. In a short time the youngest son of Mr. C. F. Hartwell, aged about four years, was found standing by a fence, crying, and on being taken up and carried into the house, his left leg was found to be broken, just above the knee. How the accident happened, no one seems to know.

NEW POLICE.—The Selectmen have appointed Messrs. Garrett Barry, Warren A. Peirce and C. S. Peobody as additional police for the town of Arlington. These appointments give us officers located at both ends, and at the centre of the town, and the selections seem to be wisely made. We hope, however, there will be no occasion for the exercise of their authority.

TIME TABLE.—Our readers will find the time table of the Middlesex Central Branch of the B. L. & N. R. R. in our advertising columns. Corrections from time to time, to correspond with official tables of the road, will be made, and it may always be relied upon as being correct. It will prove a great convenience to the numerous patrons of the road.

The Arlington public schools will resume their regular sessions next Monday. We were informed they were to have a week of vacation, and so stated last week, but that was a mistake.

ENTERTAINMENT.—We were one of a hundred or more of the citizens of Arlington who were unable to obtain admission to Reynolds Hall, last Monday evening, to witness the entertainment given by the W. C. T. Union, of Arlington, to raise funds to purchase material in aid of their fair. We were "on hand" by deputy, however, and are therefore able to give a report. The entertainment opened with a piano solo, by Mrs. E. Brooks, followed with a Tableau, in two scenes, entitled "Spirit of '76," during which Mrs. Brooks played a pretty interlude. Mr. Peter McCann, formed the company with "The Three Dreams;" Miss Nellie Hardy gave a piano solo; Messrs. Rugg, Rawson, and Wood sang "A Little Farm Well Tilled," and then the principal feature of the evening was announced,—a Farce, in two acts, entitled "Bread upon the Waters," the characters being sustained by Mrs. L. Bartlett, Miss Josie Richardson, Miss Lizzie Hardy, Messrs. George H. Rugg, C. H. Taylor, S. B. Wood, S. A. Swan, and Peter McCann. Appropriate music was furnished during the piece, by Miss Nellie Hardy, and the entertainment closed with the complete satisfaction of those who were able to see it. Financially it was a great success. It ought to be repeated.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.—The Executive Committee of the Arlington Reform Club decided upon holding the November public meeting of the Club in their own hall, as an experiment. The meeting was called for half-past seven, last Sunday evening, and at that hour the rooms, which had a seating capacity of about two hundred, were filled. The exercises opened in the usual manner, Rev. W. F. Potter, offering prayer, and brief and interesting remarks or addresses were made by Messrs. Hardy, Cutter, C. Wood, Cotten, Liddell, Hall, Green, W. E. Wood, and others. The exercises were interspersed with singing, and the general verdict was that it was one of the pleasantest yet held.

THE LECTURE.—Town Hall was well filled, last Tuesday evening, by an audience called together to hear the "Auburn News Man" talk about England, and they were favored with an indelible, unreportable, treat, such as only a wit like Bailey could furnish. It was on the principle of Sam Weller's love letter, and closed about as abruptly.

We understand that the committee of the W. C. T. Union, of Arlington, will repeat the entertainment given this week, or present an equally attractive programme, at an early day, and that tickets not used on the former occasion will be good for this one.

SEIZURES.—Last Tuesday Margaret Fuller was before Judge Carter, charged with the illegal sale of liquors. By agreement the case was continued until the 1st inst., at which time Mrs. Meehan will also be called upon to answer to a similar complaint.

HOUSE BREAKING.—Some time during the present week, the house of Mr. S. P. Prentiss, on Russell street, was broken into, and a considerable quantity of lead pipe stolen.

J. A. Goodwin, at the Pleasant street market, has put in a stock of nuts, figs, and other similar articles, of the finest qualities, which he is selling very cheap.

CATHOLIC FAIR.—The fair in aid of St. Malachy church, in the vestries of the church, continues with unabated success, and a very large amount will be realized.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The Union Sunday School was never more prosperous than now, and last Sunday evening gave one of the best monthly concerts ever enjoyed in our chapel. The closing remarks by Mr. E. W. Corey were very opportune.

The Sunday morning Chapel service, at eleven o'clock, is rapidly increasing in size and interest.

Two tides of interest met here on Friday evening of last week. The "Book Club," which usually meets early in the week, on account of the long storm, was deferred till Friday evening, and met at the residence of Mr. W. H. Allen. A number of distinguished guests from Boston were present, and the occasion was enlivened by fireworks without, and music, speeches, feasting, etc., within.

At the same time members of the Boston Building Club, and friends to the number of some seventy-five or eighty, according to previous appointment, met at the residence of the secretary of the company, H. T. Elder, of the Boston Herald, and of Geo. L. Peirce, of the firm of Churchill, Watson & Co., the pioneers of this new village, for an old-fashioned "house warming." Hon. J. Quincy, and several professional singers and musicians, were present, and at the close of an evening spent in feasting, speech-making, friendly greetings, vocal and instrumental music, etc., many pronounced the occasion a most enjoyable one. The president of the company

furnished the musical band for the occasion.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Lexington Gas Light Company was held last Monday evening, Nov. 27. The records of the last meeting was read and approved, after which the President, Mr. Otis Wentworth made a verbal report as to the financial standing of the company which was approved. A formal vote by ballot, on the question whether or no the company should go into bankruptcy, resulted in a unanimous vote in the affirmative.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers: L. A. Saville was chosen Clerk and Treasurer, and was sworn in to office by A. E. Scott, Esq. The balloting for Directors resulted in the choice of F. F. Raymond, Geo. W. Robinson, H. B. Brigham, Hammon Reed, Geo. H. Jackson, Otis Wentworth. The meeting of the Stockholders was then dissolved. At a meeting of the directors, immediately afterwards, Otis Wentworth was chosen President, and Messrs. F. F. Raymond, H. B. Brigham, and the President were chosen a committee to employ counsel and proceed to petition the Company into bankruptcy.

It is the intention of the new board of officers to reorganize upon a new basis as soon as possible, and proceed to the manufacture of gas. They cannot do so any to soon.

QUICK WORK.—Last Saturday afternoon Mr. Henry L. Simonds, of Lexington, was a passenger on the 2.45 train from Boston. As the car was very warm, he took off his overcoat and laid it on a vacant seat opposite where he sat. At Brattle station, Charles Carroll of Arlington recently released from the House of Correction, where he served out his sentence for watch stealing, got off the train, and took Mr. Simonds' coat with him. The garment was soon missed, and Mr. S. left the train at Arlington Heights. He found constable Garrett Barry, and in company with another man, started in pursuit. When they arrived opposite the site of Schouler's Mill, Carroll was seen coming across the field, with the coat on his back. He was secured after a severe struggle, and placed in the lock up. Monday morning he was brought before Judge Carter, and bound over in \$200 to appear before the Grand Jury. As the Jury does not meet until next February, he will have ample time to consider his case and prepare his defence. He claims that he was drunk, and did not know what he was about.

The fourth annual ball of the Highland Hose Company, No. 2, of Arlington, will come off at Town Hall, Arlington, Friday evening, December 15. Firemen in the adjoining towns are especially invited, and are requested to appear in uniform.

THE NEW ORLEANS OF TO-DAY.

The interest which has centered in Louisiana during the past few weeks, renders any thing relating to it specially important at this time. The following letter, which gives a graphic pen picture of the City of New Orleans, is well worth reading.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 27, 1876.

New Orleans is the most peculiar city in America, if not in the world. It is a combination of the Saxon and Latin civilizations—a combination which is a mechanical and not a chemical unity. The elements of each mingle, but do not unite. Side by side the two have lived, have worked, have fought, and yet the Frenchmen here is the Frenchman of Rue Rivoli or Rue St. Antonio of Paris; and the American, with a trifle more polish—is the American one meets in every city of the South. When to these two elements is added the negro, the result becomes composite and complex. The diverse elements are developed in streets, in architecture, in shops, in everything. There are scarcely two houses alike in the entire city. Everybody who has rebuilt has seemed influenced by some repellent agency, which has tended to throw him away from a common centre of construction. A drive through the town shows not only dwellings of every conceivable pattern, but also of every known tint and color, even inclusive of yellow, blue and green. Penetrating every where, and thus eternally perpetuating the universal diversity, is the unpainted, tumbling shanty of the negro. One sees, as can otherwise be seen only in Europe, the cobbler's bench thrust out upon the sidewalk; strange vehicles meet him at every step; and he finds himself everywhere surrounded by faces and buildings and monuments that remind him, none of Paris, none of New York, and none of the negro quarters of some old-time plantation. So much incongruity, so many beautiful women and hideous negroes; so many palaces and hovels; so many Caucasians and negroes; so many gutters that run with foulness, penetrating localities where the air is weighed down with the odors of orange groves, and where the eye is charmed to repletion with gorgeous vegetation and artistic landscape effects,—so many such contrasts were never known in another place, and seem an

impossibility in any other than the Crescent City.

This pervading contrast includes not merely the present, but takes in the past. Sitting in the magnificent dining-room of the famous St. Charles, I could not but recall the time when it was in the zenith of its glory. It is yet no ruin; its frescoes are as gorgeous, its chandeliers as brilliant and beaming, its furnishing as princely as in its palmiest days; but it nevertheless is not the famous centre of ante-rebellion days. Then it was aflame with the blaze of beauty and the flash of diamonds; then men royal in wealth, liberality and self-estimation crowded its lofty rotunda and felt that the external world did not contain their peers. Now some of these kingly remnants stalk about in seedy clothes, and with matted and gray, unkempt heads. Here and there, silent, haughty and self-possessed, in deep mourning, go the princesses of the old regime. They cannot retain the old, they will not accept the new. And so they move about, avoiding contact; and, being in the world, shrinkingly sensitive to be not of it.

Perhaps the most marked feature of the city is the present condition of the old St. Louis Hotel. Its past and its present perfectly reflect the past and the present of a large class of citizens. Before the war, the St. Louis Hotel was a centre at which gathered, during four months in the year, the flower of the Creole element. During these months the hotel was a palace, containing more wealth beauty and cultivation than any court in Europe. The women who frequented it were proud of their lineage as are any of the most aristocratic families of the Old World. They were beautiful, haughty, graceful; their wealth was unlimited; and they constituted a class unequalled for accomplishments, for high breeding, for partizan surroundings. The war came; slavery was abolished; the fathers, husbands, brothers, went into the service and were killed, or lived to find themselves beggars. A new regime came in, and along with its Creole patrons, the St. Louis declined and became valueless. It was taken by the State for a capitol. Its grand dining rooms and parlors, with their elegant frescoes, are cut up into offices. The rotunda of the hotel, in the early days, was a vast circular space, enclosed by massive columns, and surmounted by a dome upon whose surface the brain and brush of Canova furnished the exquisite decorations. At the base of, and between these columns, there are alcoves with arched ceilings, each of which was devoted to the use of a slave broker. Three days in each week the auctioneer offered his human wares; and gay, wealthy, speculative, or idle people stood about to witness the exhibition. Now, just half way up to the dome, a floor has been thrust across; and here beneath the busts painted by Canova, sits the Senate of Louisiana. Negroes who were once sold from the block beneath, now make laws for the men who sold and bought them. In the space below it is a public school in which negro children sit, and occupy the very place where their fathers and mothers were put up for sale to the highest bidder. In short, like its ancient patrons, the St. Louis has undergone a change. It is falling to pieces. The floors are covered with coarse matting, which is stained with tobacco juice. Its balconies are tipped, its railings twisted; foul smells come up from the gloomy crypts which open into the central court; everywhere are dirt, defacement, decay and desolation. Only the busts painted by Canova remain untouched. SAM.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Nov. 30, by Rev. D. E. Cady, Timothy L. Fisher, of Arlington, and Miss Mary Jane Swan, of Providence, R. I.
In Arlington, Nov. 30, by Rev. D. E. Cady, William J. McFadden, of Lexington, and Miss Amanda J. Ford, of Arlington.

Special Notices.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

The Co-Partnership existing under the name of A. F. GILBERT & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by A. F. Gilbert.

A. F. GILBERT.
F. W. MERRITT.
East Lexington, Nov. 26th, 1876—3W

W. A. LANE & CO., Auctioneers,
Bedford, Mass.

GREAT SALE OF STANDING WOOD.

By Auction, in Lexington, Mass.

Will be sold by public auction, on
Saturday, Dec. 2d, 1876,
at 10 o'clock, a. m., on the premises, 124 miles north of Lexington Common, and formerly known as the "Eben Simonds' Farm," and near Simonds' Mill, all the WOOD standing on about 50 acres of land; 15 acres of which are of the first quality of White and Yellow Oak; 12 acres are of the first quality of Maple, Oak and large White Birch. The balance of which is a mixture of Oak, Pine, Maple, &c. It is situated on hard, level land, near the main road, with good wood roads through all the lots, and offers to persons wishing to purchase the privilege of marked wood, or wood for home consumption, an opportunity seldom, if ever, of being so well adapted to the wants of the community. The wood will be sold in lots of 100, 500, or 1000 cords, or as may be desired. The wood is cut and stacked, and is ready for removal. The sale will be held at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday, Dec. 2d, 1876, at the premises, 124 miles north of Lexington Common, and formerly known as the "Eben Simonds' Farm," and near Simonds' Mill. For order, H. L. SIMONDS.
Lexington, Nov. 18, 1876—3W

Arlington Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY
C. S. PARKER, Editor,
and Agent for the
Arlington Press Association.

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ARLINGTON AVENUE.

ARLINGTON, DECEMBER 2, 1876.

ADVERTISING RATES:—Reading notices, 25 cts a line; Special notices, 15 cts a line; Religious notices, 10 cts a line; Obituary notices, 10 cts a line. Ordinary advertisements, 8 cts a line. Subscription, \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. Single copies, 4 cents.

A Singular Experience.

We find the following in the Dover (N. H.) *Register*: Some eight years ago a lad of thirteen, a son of Charles E. Meyers, a well known citizen of Portsmouth, while fishing from one of the wharves of that city caught a fish hook in the fore finger of the right hand, near the roots of the nail, drawing it into the bend of the hook. His father saw at once that the only thing to be done was to open the finger on a line with the hook and take it out, but preferred to call in their family physician to do it. After looking at it for a moment the doctor, by a sudden twist, wrenched the hook from the finger, minus the barb and point. The parents were justly indignant at such rough treatment, and insisted that the hook was not all removed, while the boy came near fainting from extreme anguish. The doctor, however, insisted that no inconvenience would result, and dressed the finger in some simple and safe manner and in due time the wound healed. But the finger and arm troubled him for a long time. After a year or two the lad's health had so far failed as to become a subject of serious alarm to his friends, he being subject to frequent and alarming fainting fits, and other spasmodic affections or symptoms. This state of affairs continued for years, with more intensity until a year or two ago, when the boy's health became nearly or quite restored. In the Spring of 1874 the young man, while dressing himself one morning tore a pimple from his left shoulder, and, on examining it, he drew from the flesh the point of the hook which seven years before was imbedded in a finger on the opposite side of his body.

HARD TIMES.

No more of the "HARD TIMES" complain, Since you at **RICHARDS'** store can buy **FINE CLOTHING** for the Gentlemen! Who has a very large supply, At prices lower than elsewhere, **AT 24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE.**

MOST EVERYBODY KNOWS. One thing most everybody knows, That Boys are "Clothed" from head to foot, In "New York style" at **GEORGE S. BRYANT & CO.,** Corner of Beach and Washington Streets, Boston. sep 23-10w

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In clothes for **BOYS AND CHILDREN** near, They're giving "BARGAINS" very rare At **GEORGE S. BRYANT & CO.,** in **Dock Square;** Just take the "LITTLE FELLOWS" there, And they the "WADSWORTH" will do; Then take your neighbor's children too. **OLD CORNER STORE, 24, 25 AND 26 DOCK SQUARE.**

The People Want Proof.

There is no medicine prescribed by physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as **BOSCHKE'S GERMAN SYRUP** for severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted, can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its superior effect before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing every one that used it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by **C. H. Osborn & Co.,** Arlington, Mass.

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Fashionable Stationers,
29 West Street, Boston.

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For Flower, Hairpin and Lunch Baskets.

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AUTUMN LEAVES,

AT HALLIDAY'S,

Nov. 23, 1876. —4w

HORSE CLIPPING.

Reduction in Price.

MR. F. ALDERMAN,

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WE would announce to owners and keepers of horses that he will attend to the clipping of horses, during the coming season, with the

American Clipping Machine,

at the low price of

\$4.00 each Horse.

Post Lexington, Nov. 3, 1876.—4f

ALL WOOL

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS

Age 10 to 20 years,

\$10.00.

BOYS' ALL WOOL

Overcoats,

\$6.00.

MENS'

All Wool Black Elysian

OVERCOATS,

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This is the cheapest Coat in this city.

ALL WOOL

Black and Brown Moscow Beaver

Overcoats,

Youths'—age 16 to 20 years,

\$10.00,

Marked down from \$15.00.

WILMOT'S,

263 Washington Street,

Opposite Water Street,

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Oct. 21, 1876.—12w

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Engravings, Chromos,

STEREOSCOPES, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

Picture Cord and Knobs.

Pictures Framed to Order,

AT LOW RATES.

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PURE ICE CREAM FOR FAMILIES, HOTELS,

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This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands

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and Boarding Stable from the stand he has

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In his new quarters he will welcome his friends

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Hacks furnished for Weddings and Funer-

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J. C. CURRIER.

Paper Hangings!

OBER'S

FURNITURE STORE,

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

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NEW STOCK OF NEW GOODS

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The store has been materially enlarged, and the

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REPAIRING, in all its branches, promptly

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Goods delivered in LEXINGTON and adjoining

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ones, will favor me with their patronage.

Mt. OBER, being a LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

will auction goods in any part of Middlesex

County, as desired.

August 6, 1876.—4f

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DODGE'S BUILDING, ARLINGTON AVE.,

Opposite the Depot.

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For Sale or to Let.

TO LET.

PART of a HOUSE, containing eight rooms,

furnace, gas, and good water. Near churches,

schools, steam and horse cars. For particulars,

apply opposite the depot, to

MRS. W. F. WELLINGTON.

Arlington, Nov. 4, 1876.—4f

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE,

IN BELMONT.

THE subscriber has for sale the HOMESTEAD

of the late LEONARD STEARNS, situated on

Brighton Street, near Pleasant Street, consist-

ing of a 1-1/2 story HOUSE, containing 8 rooms;

good Barn and Carriage House in excellent re-

pair; 12,000 feet of Land, with pear trees, grape

vines and small fruits. **HENRY MOTT.**

Arlington, July 13, 1876.—4f

TO LET.

A CONVENIENT HOUSE, of seven rooms,

newly painted and papered, on Main Street,

Lexington, adjoining J. N. Damon, Esq. Rent

\$125. Apply to

A. COTTRELL.

Lexington, July 1, 1876.—4f

For Sale or to Let.

A NEW, well-built House, containing ten rooms,

with hot and cold water, situated on Myrtle

Street, within five minutes' walk of the depot. In-

quire of

JAMES BASTON,

Charlestown Street.

Arlington, April 24, 1876. 17-1f

House Lot for Sale,

IN ARLINGTON.

THE eligible CORNER LOT, corner of Essex

Street, containing 11,000 feet of land, will be

sold on reasonable terms.

JAMES BASTON.

Arlington, Oct. 27, 1876. 46-4f

For Sale or to Let.

2 1-2 Story Dwelling.

Eight rooms, with one acre of LAND, on Main

Street, Lexington, near corner of Middle Street.

Apply to **A. B. CURRIER,** on the premises, or

ANDREW WELLINGTON, 263 Washington Street,

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TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS.

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Where may be found a full line of

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FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,

CONSISTING OF

New York French Kid, French Kid Foxed, and

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School Boots in all styles and varieties. Also, a

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We most cordially invite the public to inspect

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NEW BANK BUILDING,

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SEWING!

Mrs. BAILEY

Would respectfully announce to the ladies of

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at **MRS. RICH'S**, corner Franklin Street and Ar-

lington Avenue, where she is prepared to do all

kinds of **SEWING**, at short notice and reason-

able prices, and will guarantee satisfaction to all

who may favor her with their patronage.

Also, **MACHINE STITCHING**, in all of its

branches.

Arlington, Nov. 11, 1876.—2m

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